

3

THE
TRAVELLERS.
A
COMEDY,
IN
THREE ACTS.

*Collated
&
Perfect.
J. H. 1792.*

As read with APPLAUSE
AT THE
ENGLISH READINGS.

Detineo studijs animum, falloque labores,
Exterior curis et dare verba meis.
Sic animum tempusque traho; meque ipse reduco,
A contemplatu submoveoque mali.

OV. TRIST. I. 5. L. 7. v. 39.

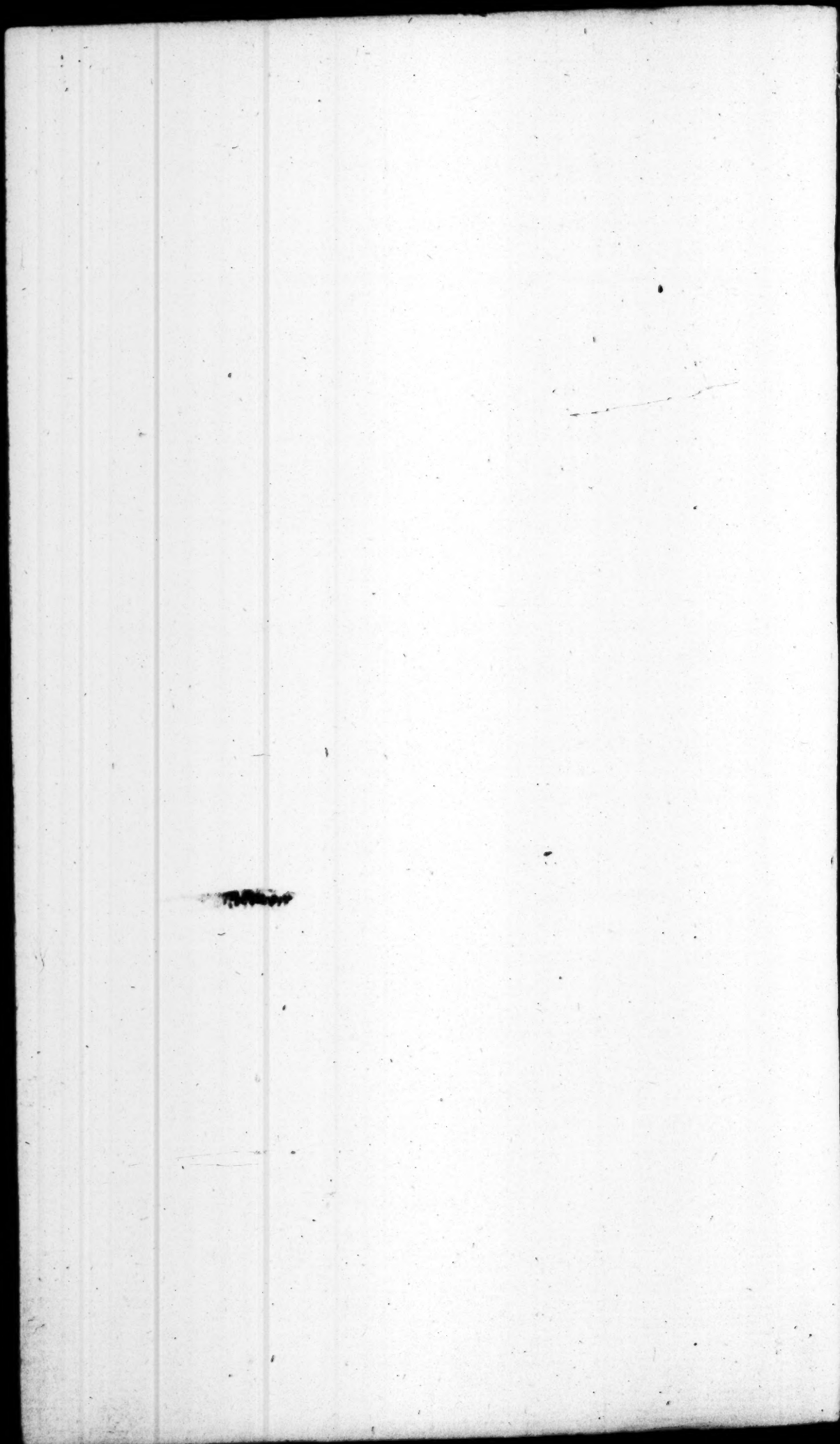
M. B.
By ~~J. HARRISON~~ HARRISON, ~~Matthew Temple~~

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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MDCC LXXXIX.



5.
T H O M A S J A M E S, E s q.
B A R R I S T E R A T L A W.

DEAR SIR,

THE flattering reception which this first essay of my Muse has experienced from a generous Public, gives me a second time the opportunity of indulging the feelings of gratitude and friendship.

The pleasure which naturally may be supposed to arise in the breast of a young Author, at the favourable reception of his literary efforts, does not, be assured, surpass that with which I embrace every opportunity of subscribing myself

Your most unfeigned,

and much obliged Friend,

NICHOLAS BACON HARRISON.

June 26, 1789.

THOMAS JAMES

SECRETARY AT LAW

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

in relation to the matter of the estate of the late John Doe.

I am sorry to hear of the death of your friend and am sure you will be

grieved to hear of the loss of one so good and so true.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have been able to

procure the necessary papers for the settlement of the estate.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have been able to

procure the necessary papers for the settlement of the estate.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following humble Attempt at Dramatic Composition was not originally intended for the Public Eye, but only written for the Perusal of a few Friends, whose Indulgence to the Youth and Inexperience of the Author insured it, at least from them, a favourable, though perhaps partial Reception.

A young Man when he first steps forward in the Literary Line, as a Candidate for the Approbation of the Public, must unavoidably feel great Diffidence and Anxiety, lest he should overrate his Abilities, and presume too much on the Indulgence of his Readers. Such have been the Sensations of the Author. However,
after

after all, he has one Consolation left, that it was a Desire of adding a little to the Satisfaction of his Friends which induced him to it; and however small that may have been, it will, he hopes, in some Degree, check the Cenfor's Spleen, and soften the Rigour of Criticism.

PROLOGUE.

9

P R O L O G U E.

“WON’T do—the Unities are sadly gall’d—
“The Time, the Place, nay, Character is maul’d.—
“The Devil made a Writer of this Fellow—
“Sure Nature form’d him for a Punchinello.”
Such is the Critic’s Spleen—What says the Cit?
“Damn’d bad—oh, hang it—’twill not do a bit.”
Whilst modest Miss, as Betty anxious tries,
With Art, to raise the Cap, the Rouge applies—
In Judgment sits, with half-divided Care,
And passes Sentence with a Critic’s Air.—
Such is the Author’s Fate—Say what his Pain,
When wild Caprice assumes the Censor’s Rein?
From *Power*, not *Judgment*, modest Merit flies—
And e’en, thro’ selfish Interest, Blockheads rise.—

• With Hopes and Fears, the Author dares to try,
And trusts his humble Labours to your Eye—
Escap’d the Dangers of the tented Plain,
Unhappy he if now his Cares are vain!
He anxious hopes in you to find a Friend—
Who asks a Briton twice his Aid to lend?
Studious to crown, with Praise, his natal Land,
He leads young Science by the willing Hand;
O’er puerile Errors throws the Veil of Youth—
Urges to Honour, points the Way to Truth—
Wreaths him with Laurel, wings his early Years,
To soar aloft, where Fame her Temple rears;
Be such your Care this Night, my free-born Friends,
Assist the tender Ozier as it bends.
The Author knows where Gratitude is due,
And hopes Applause from you, and you, and you.

• The Lines from the *Asterisk* were added by a Friend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

FOSSIL, a Gentleman of Fortune, and an Antiquarian.

SQUABBLE, a Country Gentleman.

SIR DOGBERRY DIDDLE, an Irish Gentleman, just returned from a Tour into Italy.

QUICK, }
SHARPLY, } two Fortune Hunters.

MOSES BENEFICE, Sir Dogberry's Tutor.

CHARLES MANLY, an Officer upon Half-pay.

DIGGERY LAST, Servant to Sir Dogberry.

SERVANT.

W O M E N.

MISS MARGERY FOSSIL, Sister to Fossil.

MARIA, his Daughter.

MOPSY, Servant.

SCENE. lies in a Country Village.

E R R A T A.

- Page 6. line 6 from the bottom, for *beast*, read *beasts*.
30. line 6, for *Fossilis Gemma*, read *Fossilis Gemma*.
39. line 5, for *feelersat besse*, read *feelers these*.
47. line 8 from the bottom, for *enlarged*, read *enlarge*.
57. line 4 from the bottom, after *infallible is*, place a comma.
72. line 8 from the bottom, for *unless*, read *useless*.

THE

THE
T R A V E L L E R S.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Public House, Sign of the Red Lion.

QUICK and SHARPLY.

OH, damn your country-fortune hunting, and rural simplicity. I am off. The landlord looks cross this morning, as if he had made affidavit to a debt. I am off. Another day, and we shall be in the lion's den.

SHARPLY.

Wou'd a sportsman leave his game without a shot? I have just received a letter from the goldfinch of the village, instead of a dun.

QUICK.

What, the thirty thousand pounder?

B

SHARPLY.

S H A R P L Y.

The same. Off indeed—you mean with the forward minx, and steer by the northern star.

Q U I C K.

It will prove an *ignis fatuus*, I am afraid. How shall we escape the claws of the lion? There is all the provender we have left for him; [*shews his purse*] twenty shillings to pay twenty pounds. And what probability of success? That old dragon the father is as wakeful as a devil in torment.

S H A R P L Y.

My fortune is made, Hall.

Q U I C K.

And will soon be declared in a Tyburn oration.

S H A R P L Y.

There, [*presenting a letter*] there is a promisory note for thirty thousand pounds: it has got the stamp of love upon it, instead of the stamp of office. Read.

Q U I C K.

[*Opening the letter.*] The devil take me! Hebrew roots, and Chinese zig-zags!

S H A R P L Y.

Letters of gold. Come. . . .

Q U I C K.

QUICK.

Patience.—Zounds, here is never a clue to get out of this labyrinth. [*Reads.*]

“ In answer to yours I must confess I am
“ not a little prepossess’d in your favour.” *Ergo,*
she is very much—a favourable inuendo.—

“ Papa is determined to marry me to a gentle-
“ man who is expected every day from his
“ travels; my cousin, Sir Dogberry Diddle,
“ who is highly disgusting to me. Papa never
“ permits me to stir out **of the** house. I should
“ be happy indeed to put myself under your
“ care, could you but contrive to free me from
“ this disagreeable confinement. I am so
“ teased every day about things nothing to the
“ purpose, that I can’t support it any longer.

“ Your’s,

“ M. FOSSIL.”

And so you are to teach her what is to the purpose.—How did you bring this about?

SHARPLY.

In a desperate fit, I coax’d Cupid, plucked a feather from his wing, and drew up all my forces in the hollow square of a love-letter: the disposition thus; impertinence in the van; love and his auxiliaries on the flanks; and a few empty protestations brought up my rear.

B 2

QUICK.

QUICK.

And in case of a defeat, what.

SHARPLY.

A safe retreat from old *Boniface*, with bag and baggage. But, like an able commander, I did not forget a *corps de reserve*.

QUICK.

Ha, ha, she would as much understand your letter as a Roman Catholic Priest does his Latin Missal.

SHARPLY.

There is generalship for you: her not understanding it was the very thing. Vanity and pride will find a meaning even in nonsense, and give an explanation the most flattering to themselves.

Enter DIGGERY LAST,

With a Portmanteau—places the same on the Stage.

DIGGERY.

The devil burn this travelling, say I. Please your Honours, which is Mr. *Fossil*'s house?

QUICK.

There, there, honest friend. You seem to be in a passion,

DIGGERY,

DIGGERY.

In a passion! whipping, and cutting, and spurring round the *universal* world, as there wa'nt room for my maister in Limerick.

SHARPLY.

I see your master makes a beast of burden of you, friend.

DIGGERY.

This travelling will make beasts of us all, and horned beasts too. Here, your Honours, I have left my wife a whole year, to follow my maister, to learn breeding, as they call it.

QUICK.

And so, friend, you are afraid of having too much breeding at home, are you, when you are upon your travels? If you travel, I think it's but fair your wife should do the same.

DIGGERY.

My name's not *Diggery Laft* if I cross ass or saddle again, to live upon beast and varmin, and to be cheated out of my birth-right, roast beef and plumb pudding, by soup meagre—There's griping and pinching for you—Oo'ns, maister, starv'd to fiddle-strings and parchments.

SHARPLY.

Who is this master of yours? What part of the world have you been travelling in?

DIGGERY.

DIGGERY.

Ha, ha, part, indeed—In all parts, by land and by water, your Honours; and thro' fire, too.—Rome is a roguish place—mayhap you have heard of Rome town.

SHARPLY.

I think I have.

DIGGERY.

Where there is a great church, and the King a Parson, and such a mort of that crew, good guide us. What! I warrant you have been there for breeding, ha, ha. A rare spot! Be about us, what a preaching, and what a singing in a small way; and what a gigging it up there is:—a nation of fiddlers.

QUICK.

Who is this master of yours?

DIGGERY.

Sir *Dogberry Diddle*, an't please your Honour.

SHARPLY.

I'll be hang'd if he does.—My rival! I wish he had been confined by the Inquisition.—Is he in the village?—When did he arrive?

DIGGERY.

This moment, gentlemen. He's sent me before to his nuncle's, who is plaguy fond of
whirligigs,

whirligigs, with two dozen of marble apples and pears; a marble leg that belongs to a *statute*; a mort of rusty iron; two hair petticoats for his cousin Maria; a dozen of French curls, and an Italian periwig for his aunt Margery—a world of stuff—The old man is what they call a *natural*, or *anticarrian*.

QUICK.

In the name of curiosity, what the devil are they?

DIGGERY.

An't please you, one who deals in toads, caterpillars, cockle-shells, stuff'd *varmin*, rusty iron, and hard names, and such like gimcracks and thingombobs.

SHARPLY.

So, Mr. *Fossil* is a dealer?

DIGGERY.

For the matter of that, the old man has a wilderness of baboons, cockchaffers, lions, and butterflies.—It runs in the family, I tell you: his father before him got such a swarm of them together.

QUICK.

So, his son has been brought up amongst savages——

DIGGERY.

DIGGERY.

And he is so fond of stuffing, withal, that it's hard to tell if he would not stuff old *Margery*, his maiden sister; were she to slip her wind, and clap her behind a glass case.—Pox on't, here comes my master's tutor, Mr. *Benefice*.—Sarvant, your Honours. [Exit.]

SHARPLY.

Another, I suppose, of Sir *Dogberry*'s suite.

QUICK.

He walks as if his best sweet affections were always to be found at home.

SHARPLY.

Can this be a chip of holy modest mother church?

Enter BENEFICE,

Strutting and examining himself from Top to Toe, not perceiving Quick and Sharply.

Sic transit gloria mundi—Adieu all your little fluttering ornaments of life—the embroidered coat, fashioned *à-la-mode de Paris*—the bag wig, and the peaceful sword, that dingle-dangled so gracefully by this side; add the loss of the fascinating ruffles, and the chapeau bras, which made me entirely irresistible;—chang'd all—chang'd to black and grey; the funeral of fashion. And nothing left but the shrug, the significant smile,

smile, and the air noble, to let the world know
I have travelled.

S H A R P L Y.

There's a specimen of the outward man for
you.

B E N E F I C E *perceiving them.*

Hah, gentlemen—*Come state, Signiori?* or,
in other words, here's a fine morning. You do
not understand Italian?—No—I thought
not.

Q U I C K.

As well as my own mother tongue.

B E N E F I C E.

The devil you do—mum then say I. [*Aside.*]
Apt linguists, gentlemen—Latin with equal
ease?

Q U I C K.

Not a word.

B E N E F I C E.

Nor you, Sir?

S H A R P L Y.

No, on my honour.

B E N E F I C E.

You are sure of it—it 's a noble language
—Nom. Quis, quæ, quid. Gen. Cujus. Dat.
Cui. —Such harmony! —

C

S H A R P L Y.

SHARPLY.

So, Sir, you leave the Accusative case to me?

BENEFICE.

He smokes me! — But, gentlemen, have you heard of Sir *Dogberry Diddle's* arrival? — The very paragon of fashion: — has, with a wonderful facility, become intimately acquainted with the whole circle of polite arts — music, dancing *à-la-Vestris*, fencing, and all those inexpressible little nothings which bespeak politeness — You understand me, gentlemen: he is perfectly accomplished: but I had an eye to his studies.

QUICK.

It is wonderful, indeed, Sir. How long was Sir *Dogberry* on the continent?

BENEFICE.

How long, you ask, Sir — It is surprising the quickness of his conception.

SHARPLY.

And your's too. [*Aside.*]

BENEFICE.

You ask'd how long, Sir — Eight months.

SHARPLY.

Is it possible?

BENEFICE.

B E N E F I C E.

I do not tell you that he cou'd have made the proficiency in so little a time but — I —

Q U I C K.

You were his tutor?

B E N E F I C E.

Not what one would call precisely a tutor. I was full of curiosity; passionately fond of the polite arts; painting, statuary, horse-racing, wenching, boxing, hazard, skittles, and put—Damn it, Sir, I can drink you three bottles of wine at a sitting: born with genteel propensities.

S H A R P L Y.

Ha, ha, ha, so you travelled as friends, to be mutually edified by your several acquirements in literature.

B E N E F I C E.

With this difference; my knowledge was the only stock we had to apply to.

S H A R P L Y.

On my life, you wou'd be bankrupts; for it's nothing capital. [*Aside.*]

Q U I C K.

Being fond of the arts, you wou'd have a fund of amusement — what think you of the famous

Hercules, Venus de Medicis, Apollo Belvidere?

BENEFICE.

Think of them, indeed!—I maintain they handle a tool better than any sculptor I ever saw in my life—perfectly acquainted with them—breakfasted with one—dined with another, and supped with a third, during my stay in Italy. They are men of great talents; and, tho' artists, I can assure you, courted by all connoisseurs.

SHARPLY.

Ignorant, pragmatical puppy. [*Aside.*]

QUICK.

I know they are.—Just my fortune.—When I was on the continent, I hardly broke a fast, but with either Raphael, Pouffin, Guido, Claude Lorraine, or Teniers, Tasso, Virgil—

BENEFICE.

Hold, that must be a mistake—that same Virgil you speak of must have been an old man when I was at school, for his book there you know about the *eight legs* and *blucolicks* was published then.

SHARPLY.

You quite mistake the man, Polydore Virgil—his nephew.

BENEFICE.

B E N E F I C E.

Yes, poor Polydore.—Who's the man that can be ignorant of Polydore's accomplishments.—But, gentlemen, in this place, where every thing breathes barbarism and rusticity, you cannot inhale the air of Italy, or the perfumes of France. Time, without a little fashion, must be tedious.—Give me leave to introduce you to Sir *Dogberry*—his conversation is absolutely charming—he will bewitch you so that you will think yourselves at Paris, Rome, Calais, or Dunkirk; nay, even at that standard of the Italian tongue, Florence itself.—He's accomplished—but no wonder.

Q U I C K.

Sir, you do us singular honour.

B E N E F I C E.

In the interim, I will inform Sir *Dogberry* of the honour you intend him—for the present I am *vostro umilissimo servatore*—it's a fine language—the aas and alls—the fiddlios and diddlíos final give it so musical a turn.

[*Exit.*

Q U I C K.

Ha, ha, ha, what do you think of the world now?

SHARPLY.

SHARPLY.

As I always thought of it—a comi-tragedy, a farce, a pantomime, the stage on which the wise, the knave, and fool, shew off.—'Gad, if there's any credit to ignorance and folly, for excelling in their parts, this jackdaw of religion has born away the palm from both. Damme, *Hall*, I have been a foot-ball to that peevish goddess, Fortune, this vacation.—The tables have run damnably—pluck'd at Newmarket—and, egad, when I am endeavouring to patch up my broken circumstances, by running off with this forward minx—the devil crosses me in the shape of a rival.

QUICK.

She's yours—you shall have her—the curmudgeon is an antiquarian, I find—I'll be as versatile as Proteus—travel with Sir *Dogberry Diddle*—smile and make love to aunt *Margery*—plunge into the rust of antiquity with Papa, and, Icod, if I do not bury him under the rubbish of *Herculaneum*, and set the whole body of the brute creation upon him, damme;—I'll ply them all with proper food, and make them drunk with their own conceits.—Take you advantage of the intoxication, and pocket the 30,000*l*.

SHARPLY.

S H A R P L Y.

Ha, ha, excellent, on my soul—thou'rt like Wisdom herself, *Quick*—just leapt from the cranium of *Jove*—arm'd at all points—Our introduction to Sir *Dogberry* will be, in its consequence, an easy access to the family, where our scene of action is to lie.—The farce is fixed—the dress is a consideration—nature, pure simple nature, will fit the easiest—no mask—plain *Quick* and *Sharply*.

Q U I C K.

As I am an author—it's but right I should choose my characters.—Nature, simple nature, will make simpletons of us both.—We are known in the village.

S H A R P L Y.

The devil a bit.

Q U I C K.

Your *Dulcinea* will smoke us in disguise.

S H A R P L Y.

And what if she does—she will be in the plot too.

Q U I C K.

But does she not know our names?

S H A R P L Y.

As much as our pedigree.

QUICK.

Now for some name that will be a mouthful
— Let me see—Sir *Theobald Archy McWheazon*—
there is an impression struck off in the throw of
the die.

SHARPLY.

Excellent.—Scotch coin, not current in
England.

QUICK.

Tho' it has a damned deal of alloy—our cour-
tiers receive it in preference to the sterling of our
mint.—Sir *Theobald Archy McWheazon* is to be
my name. Now I'll create you an Italian—as
you have a smattering of the language.

SHARPLY.

There I demur—it may stagger the lady—
a—

QUICK.

Poh! quite the reverse.—Count Theodocius
Barbarozzi—a name with an ozzi at the end
of it is a charm.

SHARPLY.

True---it's an excellent lure for a widow; and
I'll be hang'd if I see why it should not be a
greater charm to a maid and inexperience.

QUICK.

QUICK.

Then I baptize you Count *Theodosius Barbarozzi*, and stand godfather.—But, *George*, I'll have nothing to do with the sinful lusts of the flesh——there I stand acquitted.

SHARPLY.

Ha, ha, ha, I grant absolution—we open the campaign immediately.

QUICK.

This instant—but, egad, not before we have added another item to the landlord's account—Come, a bottle of mull'd wine----score it to providence and our fortune, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

D

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E

A Room in Fossil's House.

Enter CHARLES MANLY.

SIXTY miles between Canterbury and this village; and here am I after a five hours ride— Love and impatience are the worst guests that can put up at an inn — Love breakfasts, dines, and sups upon fancy and anticipation, instead of solids; and makes a landlord curse the day Cupid was born without a stomach. And impatience kills a couple of horses, knocks down a dozen ostlers, and rides at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, with the blessings of every landlord on the road at his heels.—Hah! here she comes.—No—damn it, old *Margery*, singing a requiem for beauty departed twenty years ago.—Egad, a pretty situation, if the old father should stumble upon me in his daughter's apartments.—The good man has taken every precaution to prevent my access to his daughter; but love

in a shower of gold defies the father's vigilance.
—But here—My dear *Maria*, [*Enter Maria.*]
Your letter I received, and instantly prepared
to throw myself at your feet.—Who are those
admirers?—Have they met with your father's
countenance?

M A R I A.

Hush—Papa's below quarrelling with Time,
for having made too hasty a meal off an inscription—My dear *Charles*, I long'd to see you.

C H A R L E S.

And I you — But who are they?

M A R I A.

My cousin, Sir *Dogberry Diddle*; and a cox-
comical ape, who plays a thousand anticks when-
ever I see him, and says a multitude of sweet
things by the cast of the eye and turn of the
countenance. To flatter his vanity I have an-
swered a letter he sent me, with a view to make
him the dupe of his own artifice.

C H A R L E S.

I shall be jealous, my *Maria*.

M A R I A.

I give you leave:—then shall I know you
love me. I have form'd a plan for our elope-
ment.

D 2

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

You have !—let it be instantly ; for procrastination, my *Maria*, is a thief which has robb'd thousands of happiness. Nothing is omitted, my dear girl. We have been ask'd at church, Let this day unite us for life.

MARIA.

Is it possible ! and the family not know of it.
—ha, ha.

CHARLES.

Your father, tho' an antiquarian, disputes the origin of tythes ; and his quarrel with Mr. *Genesis*, the Vicar, on that subject, has kept him from Mother Church so long, that he has become a very undutiful child. I presum'd upon it, and fee'd the Curate to publish the banns, as he reads the black letter of an Act of Parliament, unintelligibly. How to get out of the house—

MARIA.

Leave that to me. The wit of a woman is superior to locks and bars. But do you wait for me under the elm, which, cou'd it speak, *Charles*, wou'd tell a thousand tales, repeat a thousand promises you have bound yourself to fulfil when I am yours.

CHARLES.

C H A R L E S.

They proceeded from my heart; and tho' poor in respect of fortune, yet have I ever look'd upon sincerity and truth to be that real wealth, of which a selfish world cannot deprive me.

M A R I A.

But—

F O S S I L *from without.*

Maria!

M A R I A.

Oh, Lud! for God's sake, Mr. *Manly*—

F O S S I L.

Daughter *Maria*! I say.

C H A R L E S.

How shall I decamp?—The Philistine will be upon me.

M A R I A.

Here, down the back stairs.

C H A R L E S, *going.*

Thus are two lovers over-ruled by interest, and severe authority, compell'd to steal that happiness, which Providence meant to be free and unrestrain'd to all, and made the impulse of the heart the criterion of domestic bliss, rather

ther than the ideas of a sordid and vitiated world.
Adieu.

M A R I A.

Papa may insist; but what arguments can draw me from Mr. *Manly*? Had I not fortune, my affections wou'd carelessly be permitted to fix where real attachment directed them. But a fortune of 30,000 *l.* makes the daughter a slave to the dictates of an unreasonable father. She is to see with his eyes, and adopt all his senses. If I marry Sir *Dogberry Diddle*, or Mr. *Squabble*, a few gew-gaws from the Island of Otaheite, would rob me of their affections. It is a misfortune to be rich; how many of our sex fall victims to it. It is hard to judge of the sincerity of mankind, when there are other inducements besides personal merit to recommend; happier far to be raised above dependence, to taste the real blessings of life.

Enter F O S S I L.

What, will nobody answer?—Are you all dead?—a plague on't, fifty steps with the rheumatism on my back, and, I think the Devil in my toes.

M A R I A.

Did you want me, Sir?

F O S S I L.

FOSSIL.

Want me! Want a fig's end; there's a twinge, there's bodily rebellion. This staircase will be the death of me.—Your cousin, Sir *Dogberry* is arrived, and dines with me to-day. Aye, aye, he's the man for you; none of your half-pay officers.—What can they settle but a knapsack on your back?

MARIA.

My cousin *Diddle* arrived! I am delighted!

FOSSIL.

He, he, you please me, *Maria*; a dutiful baggage. But who were you talking with, my child?

MARIA.

No one, I assure you; it was only the wind whistling up the back stairs.

FOSSIL.

I do not like such whistling. Love, and dear, and sweet, are alarming monosyllables to a father who has a daughter, and a fortune of 30,000 l. to give her.

MARIA.

But repeating a part of a play, *The Conscious Lovers*, and getting a passage which pleased me off by heart.

FOSSIL.

F O S S I L.

Whew ! I do not like Plays and Romances ; they are like matches to gunpowder, blow a father's prudent schemes to the Devil, create insurrection and conspiracy in young blood. Look at your aunt, *Margery* ; she's an example of coolness, a prudent woman, reads nothing but the Bible and Testament, and those in a cautious, proper manner.

M A R I A.

Proper manner, Papa !

F O S S I L.

Yes, child, she skips over the chapters respecting Circumcision and Genealogy, and never read David's trick but once, and that through pure curiosity ; and if she has not been useful in her generation, there's no fault to be imputed to her.—Here she comes.

Enter M A R G E R Y.

Brother, I say, Brother.

F O S S I L.

What's the matter, Sister ?

M A R G E R Y.

With your wrens, jackdaws, popinjays, and magpies, our house is a cage for the whole creation ;

ation; beasts, both clean and unclean. Brother, I protest they shall keep company with their fellows in the field.

F O S S I L.

Am I not, Sister, *Sidrophel Fossil*, your brother, and a naturalist, a F. R. S.?

M A R G E R Y.

To lead a life like Daniel in the Lion's den. With your tygers, your lions, your baboons, and stuffed monkeys; such a house they have made with their brushing and dusting—

F O S S I L.

Gently, maiden sister. I ordered all to be decently arranged. Nephew *Diddle* dines with us.

M A R G E R Y.

Maiden sister! indeed, Brother *Sidrophel*! Maiden sister! You may spit your venom.

F O S S I L.

Pray, what was it that raised you, yes, you, and our family in the world? I insist it was the wonderful scientifick spider, *the miraculous scale of the sea serpent**, the great toe of the famous Diana of Ephesus, and the important blade which is strongly suppos'd, yes, I say, very strongly suppos'd, to have once form'd a part of Augustus's carving-knife. I insist upon it.

* Vide Pontop. sec. 6. p. 195.

E M A R G E R Y.

M A R G E R Y.

And what's his carving-knife better than our own? And pray now what has made us all the laughing stock of the parish?—You have not forgot your law-suit, for removing your neighbour's land-mark, and insisting it was a Roman altar.

F O S S I L.

Oo'ns, Sifter, there you are wrong again.

M A R G E R Y.

Yes, and the twenty pounds too you gave to the poor woman for pulling down one side of her house, because your wisdom had 'spied a Greek inscription on one of the stones; and was it any thing more than a part of one Nick Pickle's grave-stone?—and you insist too.

F O S S I L.

Plague on't, we are not infallible—that's the truth.

Enter *SQUABBLE*, in a great hurry.

Ladies, and good Mr. *Fossil*, have you heard—

A L L.

What, Mr. *Squabble*, what?

S Q U A B B L E.

So you have not heard a word?

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

News in the papers?

F O S S I L.

Daughter *Maria*, you know nothing of the matter. Government has bought Sir *Ashton Lever's* Museum.

S Q U A B B L E.

No, good Mr. *Fossil*, no—a most agreeable circumstance—a —

M A R G E R Y.

Any thing about fashion? I dare say now the ladies are going to place the present rump before, and the merry-thought on the shoulder.

S Q U A B B L E.

No, no, no, good Miss *Margery*,—a pleasing—

F O S S I L.

There, Sister, you are wrong again,—'tis some curiosities lately arrived from Botany Bay.—That's it.

S Q U A B B L E.

Gagg'd, by Jupiter :—drop by drop, like water out of a narrow-neck'd bottle.

E 2

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

Odds my life, I'll pester him. [*Aside.*]
Twenty to one 'tis accounts he has had from his
correspondent at New Holland.

S Q U A B B L E.

Perdition!—No, no, no!—I was only — for
God's sake—

M A R G E R Y *and* F O S S I L.

Oh, only——that's all.

S Q U A B B L E.

We have then two gentlemen of fortune at the
Red Lion; men of profound learning, I can assure
you:—they talk as if they knew every thing,
had travelled over every thing, and could speak
every thing, as many tongues as they did at the
Tower of Babel.

F O S S I L.

Are they antiquarians?

S Q U A B B L E.

— The devil himself at a rusty piece of iron; and
if Time had breakfasted, dined, and supped off
a Domitian, Galba, or Otho, and left but a tip of
the nose, or a curl of the wig, 'gad, they'll
smoke them.—And as to Botany,—good Mr.
Fossil—

F O S S I L.

F O S S I L.

They have not exploded the Linnæan system.

S Q U A B B L E.

Have it at their fingers ends; talked of stamina and pistils the whole time I was with them.

M A R G E R Y.

Stabbing and pistols!—bloody men!

S Q U A B B L E.

No, Madam, the generative parts of turnips, cabbages, and potatoes.

M A R G E R Y.

Oh, Mr. *Squabble*—for shame.

F O S S I L.

Mr. *Squabble*, press them to dine with us—insist upon it.

S Q U A B B L E.

No occasion, bless you, Sir,— the most familiar, well-bred, entertaining company in the world;—they are within one hundred yards of the house, with Mr. *Benefice*, on that very account—I left them disputing.

F O S S I L.

About what?

S Q U A B B L E.

The jewel in the toad's head, or philosopher's stone.

F O S S I L.

F O S S I L.

What, do they know any thing of those abstruse subjects?

S Q U A B B L E.

If they do not, who shou'd?—The jewel is at last discovered, beyond the possibility of a doubt, and the transmutation of metals too; 'gad, sooner than you can say *Presto*, they'll turn a porter-pot into a cup of gold, that a Lord Mayor would wish to make his bosom friend.—Good Mr. *Fossil*, this discovery will make an amazing change in the national debt.

F O S S I L.

A plague on them—what, have they made this discovery?—So, I have butchered all the toads in the parish to a pretty purpose—Plague on't, Mr. *Squabble*, I hoped to transmit my name to posterity by the *Fossilia gemma*, and by being the first philosopher who had had the stone.

S Q U A B B L E.

O yes——certain proof poz.—I'll hasten them. [Exit.

F O S S I L.

Now, Sister *Margery*, now you see what prodigies of learning we have to dine with us——a treat, Sister, in the true Roman or Grecian fashion.—
None

None of your whipp'd possets, or scourg'd syllabubs — Homer's cookery, Sister *Margery*, instead of Glafs or a Raffald. Yes, yes.

M A R G E R Y.

What have you to do with cookery—leave that to me, Brother Sidrophel, I'll give you a treat. [Exit.

F O S S I L.

That's kind.—The true Roman or Grecian, do you hear.—Daughter *Maria*, nephew *Diddle* is a learned, polite man, and will be the preservation of my museum, if you cou'd fancy him.

M A R I A.

Papa, I long to see him—I should then be called Lady *Diddle*—what a pretty name.

F O S S I L.

Good child, you are dutiful, child—What was there to see in that *Manly*, an half-pay officer?

M A R I A.

You plague me much about that man—Indeed, what was there?

F O S S I L.

Look you, daughter *Maria*, had you married him, the fun of the *Fossils* had set.—Let me see,

see, my museum would have fallen a prey to an hundred half-starv'd creditors.—The famous Russian wolf, and the various species of foxes been exhibited in an attorney's office—The hyæna placed as a sign for an annuity broker—The pediculi arrang'd according to Swammerdam, suffer'd a taylor's vengeance.—The cormorant and pelican, been sent a present to his uncle, the Alderman—The jackdaws and popinjays, to his cousin, the curate—And the jackall, being the lion's provider, to a county member—And, egad, the vultures, bears, and the whole world of reptiles, to some justice of peace—the devil, the devil—Oo'ns, it had proved worse than a commission of bankruptcy.

M A R I A.

I detest the man.—I never could persuade you, Papa—

F O S S I L.

You are like your father, studious for the honour of the family.—I'll in, and instruct Sister *Margery* to make Athenian puddings, and Spartan black broth. [Exit.

M A R I A.

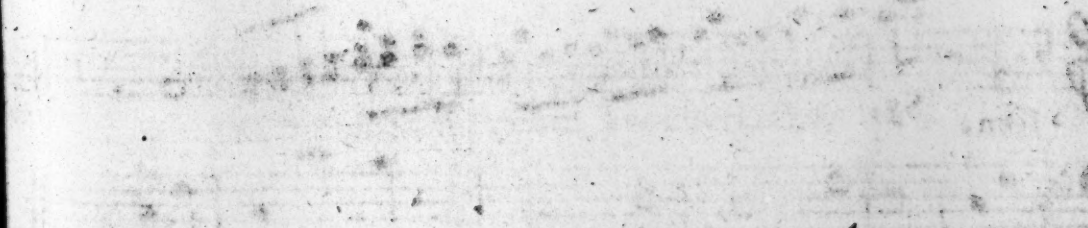
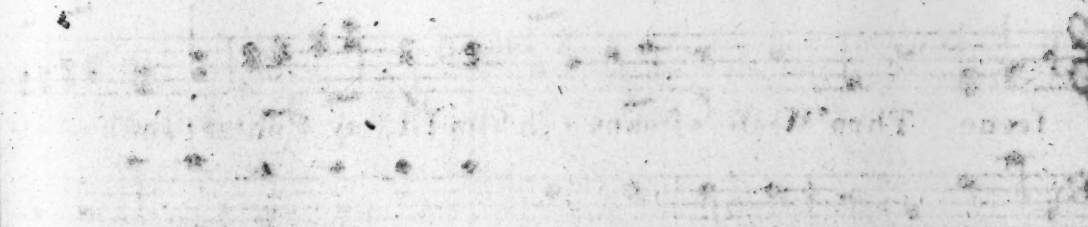
Ha, ha, ha ! how easily is an unreasonable father deceived.—I marry, indeed, Sir *Dogberry Diddle*,

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Adagio



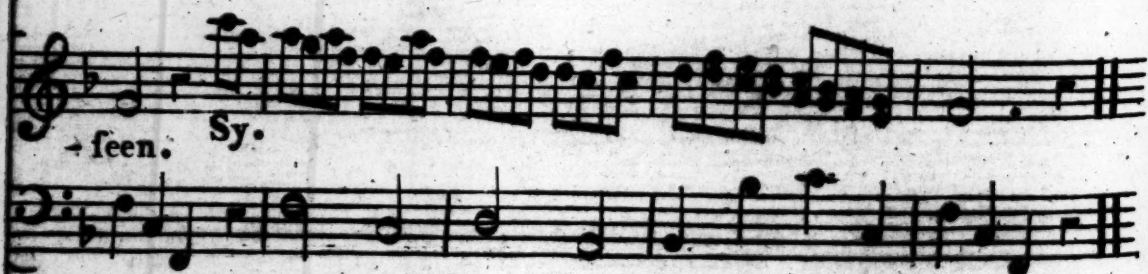
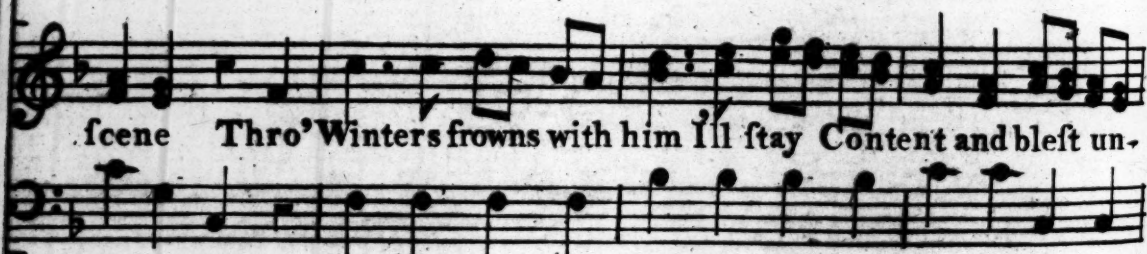
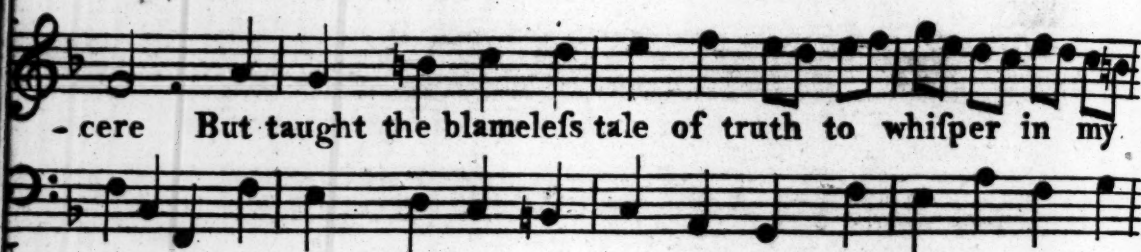
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MARIA'S Song in the New Comedy of the TRAVELLERS.

Set to Music by a Gentleman.



Moderato



The 2^d Verse is omitted to accommodate the Composer of the Music.

Diddle, or *Mr. Squabble*: No; tho' an unwarrantable restraint should be put upon my inclination, yet still would my affections be fixed on the object most congenial to them;—chain'd, unwillingly, as *Andromeda* to the rock, I should pray a *Perseus* would come and free me from the monster who could basely take my hand without my heart.—Tho', *Mr. Manly*, fortune has been unkind to you, it was but to shew me virtue was ever constant under affliction.—You are without wealth, yet you are a treasure to me—It is not titles or riches make us happy.

S O N G.

Give me the artless, winning youth
Who's gentle, fond, sincere,
But taught the blameless tale of truth
To whisper in my ear.

His mind, a store of purest gold,
Unmix'd with base alloy,
Kind nature form'd the plastic mould,
And bless'd the world with joy.

Thro' smiling spring, and summer gay,
Thro' autumn's varied scene,
Thro' winter's frowns with him I'd stray,
Content and bless'd unseen.

F

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Another Room in Fossil's House.

Enter FOSSIL, MARGERY, and MARIA.

F O S S I L.

Pshaw, pshaw,—tell me of ragouts and barbecues, mock-turtle, and mutton-broth.—Have not your French cooks, I say, subverted the elegant simplicity of the ancients?

M A R G E R Y.

Ancients, truly.—No more of your hot-baths, Brother; I have had enough of Mr. *Squabble* and you flouncing in the great washing-tub, sprawling like two frogs in a ditch in the month of April;—and I protest our best beds shall not be spoiled and made couches of.

F O S S I L.

Mercy on us—these prejudices, Sister, of yours, are derived from the barbarism of the Goths and Vandals.—You have no idea of Syracusan luxury.

M A R G E R Y.

And is it not a shame to make me and your daughter lie upon your couches with the young 'Squire and Mr. *Squabble*—A sin, Brother.—
And

And to think too of your sending for *Tom Twangdillo*, the blind fidler, for your bard, who every body knows is a vile scrape; but truly, you supposed he played divinely on the lyre, as you call it.

F O S S I L.

Any thing more, Sister *Margery*?

M A R I A.

Papa,—I beg you wou'd dispense with the perfumes of the ancients.

M A R G E R Y.

Yes, perfumes.—Have you forgot the lamp-oil, which you, the Parson, 'Squire, and Mr. *Squabble* rubb'd yourselves by mistake with, as was the way, you said, with the ancients?—You know the Parson was a nuisance to the parish a week after; the 'Squire no better than a herring, and his hounds run in full cry at his heels, so that he could not kill a hare for almost the whole season; whilst poor Mr. *Squabble*, a mere hottentot, every body avoiding him as he went up the village; and you, Brother, almost fretted yourself to death, because you could not exhibit your museum.

F O S S I L.

Any thing more, Maiden Sister?

F 2

M A R G E R Y.

M A R G E R Y.

Yes, indeed—How did every body laugh when you killed our old boar, the only one in the parish, and dressed his chine, to feast like Homer's heroes.—You know he was so tough you left two teeth in his hide; and the Parson was sadly displeased, because he had not a tythe pig that year.—But I tell you, Brother, I'll prepare a good substantial dinner, I warrant you, and whip up some trifles, according to poor Mama's receipts.

F O S S I L.

Trifles, indeed.—Here's gratitude to antiquity, for the good things it has handed down to us.

M A R G E R Y.

Yes, I have an excellent receipt of hers for a made-dish, which I found yesterday, amongst others for the gripes in children—a sprain in the ankle—an infallible cure for the rheumatism—and a wash for the face;—indeed, it is the most efficacious I ever made use of.

F O S S I L.

Pox on't, old womens receipts preferred to the celestial cookery of Homer,

Enter

Enter Sir DOGBERRY DIDDLE.

Hah, my dear Uncle, by the mother's fide, I am in inexpressible joy to see you with my eyes.

F O S S I L.

Let us embrace—once more embrace—there is Roman action, Nephew *Diddle*, [*they embrace.*] I am glad to see you returned from those countries which were once the seat of science.

Sir DOGBERRY.

Arrah by my shoul, and by St. Patrick too, now, Aunt *Margery*, and dear Cousin German, that is to be my wife, I did not see you, tho' I had you in my eye.—Now, my honeys, I am universally overjoyed to see you so particularly well. —The *fate* of science, dear Uncle, it's the *fate* of the devil and his imps.

M A R G E R Y.

Indeed, Sir *Dogberry*, you look charmingly.

M A R I A.

Pray, Cousin, when did you arrive?

Sir DOGBERRY.

Arrah, my jewel, I'll answer you both in one word now—this minute,—about three hours ago, I embarked on the land.

F O S S I L.

FOSSIL.

I hope, Nephew *Diddle*, your curiosity has been gratified, and you have made good use of your time in studying men and manners?

Sir DOGBERRY.

May I ever be believed to spake truth, if I have not been studying the manners and tricks of men, women, and children, for my heart and shoul, ever since I quitted my own dear country.

MARGERY.

And which way did you travel?

Sir DOGBERRY.

Always, now, thro' plague, pestilence, and famine——If it had not been for the purpose of learning manners and breeding, the devil fly away with me if I would have sweated, like a damned shoul, between two Italian's blankets, and been bated and hunted down by a starved pack of varmin.

MARIA.

La, Coufin!

FOSSIL.

Nephew *Diddle*, what class are they of?

Sir DOGBERRY.

An they be not the devil's own class, I do not know what class they are of.

F O S S I L.

You see, Nephew, these animals have both the proboscis, and antennæ, or feelers.

Sir DOGBERRY.

I have been made up of feelerst hese eight months.

M A R G E R Y.

How his voice is altered—Come, Nephew, let us have a specimen of your proficiency in the language—a little French or Italian.

Sir DOGBERRY.

Now, my dear Aunt, I cannot spake a single syllable of a letter.—I know they end in a twang and a bang, and an illo and pillo.

M A R I A.

How could you proceed on your journey?—Mr. *Benefice* certainly was the orator.

Sir DOGBERRY.

Not at all.—I was as learned as tutor *Benefice*, there—Proceed! dear Cousin—On horseback, muleback, and afsback, my dear Cousin German—You see now, as I was Sir *Dogberry Diddle* by parentage, I rode on a whole horse—

Mr.

Mr. *Benefice*, my tutor, who taught me to ride, in the second degree, on half an horse—and *Diggery* on a whole afs.

M A R I A.

Ha, ha, ha, I am puzzled to know how you supplied your wants?

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

By not supplying them at all, at all—They knew what we wanted, and made us dine every five miles; and as we would not say to them nay—'gad, we went to bed at night like cramm'd turkies.

M A R I A.

You cannot call that famine, Sir.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

That was the best part of the voyage, my dear—In some parts of the island we lived a whole month on frogs, and artichoke bottoms.

F O S S I L.

But, Nephew *Diddle*, have you brought us any curiosities?—Have you noted down the various monuments of antiquity you saw there, and the natural and artificial productions of Italy?

Sir

Sir DOGBERRY.

O yes, dear Uncle. [*Putting his hand into his pocket.*]

F O S S I L.

Let us 'see.

Sir DOGBERRY.

There, my dear joys, is a pin I found in the choir of St. Pater's, at Rome; and here are artificial productions. [*Shewing him some trifles.*]

F O S S I L.

Oo'ns, Nephew, have you brought no antiques?

Sir DOGBERRY.

Arrah, these are modern antiques now.

F O S S I L.

But in the campagna di Roma did you not feel yourself elevated every step you trod on ground, once the school of science, and the residence of the mighty dead?

Sir DOGBERRY.

Now, all my thoughts were employed upon the living, my dear Uncle.

F O S S I L.

You saw the celebrated baths, the Vatican—visited Florence, and feasted upon the curiosities of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

G

Sir

Sir DOGBERRY.

Not at all, at all.

FOSSIL.

The ruins of Herculaneum did not escape your attention—of Portici—Pompeia—Vesuvius.

Sir DOGBERRY.

Mere bores—Uncle—poz.—I studied polite learning now, Plays, Operas, tho' I did not understand a word of a syllable, no more than tutor *Benefice* capering and dancing, and such like arts and sciences.

FOSSIL.

Whew!—Mercy on us!—Learning in the present age has descended from the head to the heels—Dancing, capering, and fiddling—Nephew—a musical puppy can now, by torturing his catgut, rival the great Newton, who studied the music of the spheres.

Sir DOGBERRY.

And, my relations, now I have news for you; a famous singer came over with me, who is to have thousands of pounds for turning a tune—Signor—The devil burn me, I have forgot every letter in his name, tho' I know it ends in *chefs*.

FOSSIL.

Signor Chesi!—We have so many *ifis* and *pifis*, *ozzis* and *pozzis*, that the parish rates have

have risen two shillings in the pound this last year.—Your lords and your ladies used formerly to relieve the poor, and educate their children—but now, turning their backs upon old England, they freely exercise their liberality upon Italian paupers.

Enter SQUABBLE, BENEFICE, QUICK,
and SHARPLY.

SQUABBLE.

This way, gentlemen—this way, Mr. *Fossil*.—Sir *Dogberry*—Ladies, give me leave to introduce—I beg your pardon—your names, gentlemen?

QUICK.

Sir *Theobald Archy M^cWheazon*.

SHARPLY.

Count *Theodosius Barbarozzi*.

SQUABBLE.

Sir *Toby Andrew M^cHab*, and Count *Thingem-bob*—I always come about foreign names in a figurative manner.

MARIA.

On my life, my impassioned scribbler, who signs himself *Leander*, ha, ha. [*Aside.*]

MARGERY.

Charming men—nothing like your Italians. [*Aside.*]

G 2

FOSSIL.

F O S S I L.

I have singular pleasure in seeing you at my house, gentlemen.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

I am your very obliging humble servant.

Q U I C K.

Your museum, Sir, has brought us fifty miles out of the road to see the artificial and natural curiosities it contains.—I am told they are superior to any thing abroad.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

Arrah, my dear joy, they are more natural than life itself.

S H A R P L Y.

So we have heard, Sir.

F O S S I L.

Tho', gentlemen, I say it myself, as fine a collection as ever appeared in this kingdom; but I have lately met with a misfortune—that piece of antiquity I valued in my museum most has been, thro' the ignorance of a cook, sadly depreciated—Pompey's shield—or strongly supposed so to be—

Q U I C K and S H A R P L Y.

Pompey's shield!

F O S S I L.

F O S S I L.

I have not a doubt the very shield he had at *Dyrrhachium*; the minx scrubbed the precious rust off it, and turn'd it into a dripping-pan.

Q U I C K.

A loss indeed.

F O S S I L.

It was, gentlemen, but this is not all—one misfortune generally treads hard upon the heels of another—The very next day a cat broke me a chamber utensil, which, it is clear, was the identical one made use of by Mark Anthony and Cleopatra.

S H A R P L Y.

They are, indeed, Sir, valuable monuments of antiquity.

F O S S I L.

I have others of nearly the same importance.—Let me see—A chip of Diogenes's tub—The knife which cut Cicero's throat—The dagger which put an end to the famous Archimedes, with a piece of marble taken from his tomb, which has clearly the cylinder and sphere upon it.

Q U I C K.

What are the distinguishing marks of the authenticity of each of the wonders?

F O S S I L.

F O S S I L.

Marks!—distinguishing marks, gentlemen!—strong circumstantial evidence, which almost amounts to positive proof.—Antiquarians, you know, strongly suppose—do not absolutely assert.

Q U I C K.

Very true, Sir.

F O S S I L.

Then I am a conchologist, alchymist, and botanist—do walk this way—I'll let you see my collection. [*Going.*]

B E N E F I C E.

Mr. *Fossil*, these gentlemen can satisfy you about the *kraaken**—they have spent a month on his back.

F O S S I L.

You have travelled, then?

Q U I C K.

Travell'd—O yes—seen most of the wonders of the creation—Have look'd down the crater of the North Pole, and taken the exact dimensions of the *kraaken* by the theodolite.

* Pontop, sect. 11. p. 210.

S Q U A B B L E.

The devil you have !—Pray what size is he ?

Q U I C K.

I have not cast up the angles yet, but am now publishing my travels, and purpose giving an account of that strange phænomenon—Also, if I meet with proper encouragement, purpose giving a fine engraving of the animal, with a scale of an inch to five hundred yards.

F O S S I L.

So, you found *Pontoppidan* was right respecting that monster ?

Q U I C K.

His representation is very false, Sir ; he has been describing a gnat where he ought to have given the dimensions of an elephant.

F O S S I L.

Then the animal is a continent.—But you enlarged upon the philosopher's stone, and the* jewel in the toad's head.

Q U I C K.

* Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

A S Y O U L I K E I T.

It was the current opinion in Shakespeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone or pearl,

QUICK.

Of course.

BENEFICE.

I have never heard of the publication.

SQUABBLE.

It has been twenty times in the papers—Has it not, Sir *Andrew M^cToby*?—My mouth was never form'd for Italian pronunciation.

QUICK.

You are right.—I have already procured two hundred subscribers, at ten guineas each.

FOSซิล.

It must be voluminous.

QUICK.

Consider the animal I treat of, Sir.

Sir DOGBERRY.

Arrah, my sincere and very particular friend, cou'd a man be permitted to subscribe?

QUICK.

I am afraid I shall not have copies for the present demand.—Yes—I can take you in.

pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed : this stone has been often fought, but nothing has been found, more than accidental or morbid indurations of the skull.

JOHNSON AND STEEVEN'S SHAKESPEARE.

BENEFICE.

B E N E F I C E.

The gentleman is very obliging.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

There are ten guineas—now I am taken in.
[*gives money.*]

Q U I C K.

That you are, faith. [*Aside.*] One copy —
you may depend on't.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

Uncle, Tutor *Benefice*, Mr. *Squabble*—you'll
all be taken in by this obliging gentleman.

A L L.

O yes, one copy of your travels—with the
kraaken and its appurtenances. [*Give him the
money.*]

Q U I C K.

You shall have the first impression, I assure
you.

F O S S I L.

Your partiality has flattered us—If you
please, I will exhibit—Sister *Margery*, Daughter
Maria, bring my *Radius*, *Toga virilis*, and
Galea—I always pay this respect to antiquity.
—This way, gentlemen, [*Exeunt omnes.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

H

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E

An Area before Fossil's House.

Enter SHARPLY *and* MARIA.

SHARPLY.

HA, ha, ha, I think we have got clear of the museum unnoticed.

MARIA.

Papa is so thoroughly engaged, that nothing can stop him till he has finished the harangue.

SHARPLY.

This way—I have every thing prepared at the Inn—the horses ready, and the driver mounted.

MARIA.

Oh charming!—I was determined to make a bustle in the world whenever I married.—Then to read in the newspaper of the pursuit as far

far as Gretna—of whipping and cutting—
horses dying—drivers breaking their necks—and
Papa riding like Johnny Gilpin—then that Papa
came to eat the wedding dinner—and that I had
one hundred and twenty thousand pounds for
my fortune!—I should die if I was not taken
off in this manner, ha, ha.

S H A R P L Y.

'Tis life, 'tis spirit—this way—we shall have
the museum break loose upon us.

M A R I A.

My casket, with a fortune of jewels!—I must
return.

S H A R P L Y.

No, no; permit me—Where is it?

M A R I A.

In the room we have just left—be quick—

S H A R P L Y.

As Cupid's arrow.

[*Exit.*

M A R I A.

I am afraid Cupid will prove himself a blind
marksman—Now for throwing myself into the
arms of my dear *Charles*.

Enter C H A R L E S M A N L Y.

I have waited for you an age—let us not be
prodigal of time.

H 2

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

My *Charles*, I will go with you—take me under your protection.—It is hard two souls, cemented by affection, should be sacrificed to the views of interest, or the caprice of parental authority! [Exeunt.]

Enter S H A R P L Y.

Ha, ha, ha, casket! damn it, my dear, there's nothing but a stuff'd alligator—*Pomona*, with a strap of onions round her neck—a red nightcap, and a pair of broken spectacles, ha, ha. How!—flown!—*Iphigenia's* trick—as I was going to sacrifice female innocence and beauty to my own convenience, some God, out of spite, has bilked me. [Perceiving *Diggery Last*.] Oh, here's a solution of the mystery.—*Vernacular* booby!—you have assisted in forcing away the lady.

Enter D I G G E R Y L A S T.

Nacular Bobby!—*Nacular bobby* is French for thief.—*Rascal*!—I know what's what—I have travelled.

S H A R P L Y.

Egad, and I have travelled, and I'll be damn'd if I know what's what.—Villain, have you assisted your master in carrying off the lady?

2

D I G G E R Y.

DIGGERY.

Willen!—who calls *Diggery Last* a willen?
—I know points of Nonor.—Have travelled
round the world.

SHARPLY.

Perdition seize the stupidity of the clown!—
I am bursting with impatience, yet know not
where to direct my pursuit.—I'll flatter his vanity.
—Pray, Mr. *Diggery Last*, where has Sir *Dog-*
berry forced the Lady?

DIGGERY.

He, he, he.—Yes, every body calls me Mr.
Diggery, since I have travelled round the world.
—Mr. *Diggery*, he, he, he.

SHARPLY.

Which way?

DIGGERY.

He, he.—I'll tell you.—Sir *Dogberry Diddle's*
wonderfome ticklish; coos at every petticoat he
meets.—Ha, ha, ha, maister, we are come here
to Nuncle's about a bit of a daughter that begins
to have fancies. He, he.

SHARPLY.

But, Mr. *Last*, shew me which way they
went.

DIGGERY,

DIGGERY.

Mr. *Last*, he, he, he, if that be all, I cannot tell.—As I was saying, maister is come to marry his cousin, but all the billing and cooing, the chuckling and crowing, is to come on yet;—there's a wedding in the church this moment—will be coupling.

SHARPLY.

How?

DIGGERY.

I saw a gentleman, with a kind of a soldier, go from this place to the church, and I followed to see the fun—The parson grumbled, and the clerk said amen—The lady spoke in a little pretty small voice, and the gentleman said—I will—They may be Jews going to be circumcised for aught I know.

SHARPLY.

This is a curious enigma—Who the devil is this fellow that flung me—How! at the church!—I'll have a peep, and if Miss *Fossil* has fooled me, I'll alarm the museum, and make the medals in her father's cabinet pay for the disappointment.

[Exit.]

DIGGERY.

DIGGERY.

What's all this bouncing and flouncing for women folkes, ha, ha, ha.—Ah, *Mopsy*!—you look as young and healthy as ever.

Enter M O P S Y.

Mr. *Last*, la, I am glad to see you returned—you are so altered.

DIGGERY.

Ha, ha, this travelling will turn a man into a monkey—I' fakins, Mrs. *Mopsy*, you cou'd not know me then, ha, ha.

M O P S Y.

You are grown so white and genteel, and slim withal.

DIGGERY.

Genteel, ha, ha, white, I warrant now, as a bleach'd web, and slim as a weazle.—The faints, and faint days, played the devil with me.

M O P S Y,

How?

DIGGERY.

Hear you, *Mopsy*, there's hardly a day in a week, on the other side of the world, but belongs to what they call a faint, who will neither eat himself, or let other people.

M O P S Y.

M O P S Y.

Saint days!—What St. Peter and St. Thomas?

D I G G E R Y.

Yes, faint this, and faint other—Such a mort, I warrant, they have of that crew, that they don't want a Saint Sir *Dogberry Diddle*, and Saint *Diggery*.

M O P S Y.

But what are they for?

D I G G E R Y.

I will description them to you—*Mopsy*, you now understand—I will circumscribe them in a short round-about way—for—to starve travellers.

M O P S Y.

Indeed, they ought to have some conscience—You must have seen such wonders—La, what you must have seen on the other side of the water!

D I G G E R Y.

Ha, ha, seen, *Mopsy*!—All the wonders in the world.

M O P S Y.

And what have you seen?

D I G G E R Y.

DIGGERY.

Let me see, Mrs. *Mopsy*, we have seen the Pope.

MOPSY.

La! what's that—Pope Joan?

DIGGERY.

It is a kind of a man—yet not what one may call a man—A priest—but not what one may well call, as a man should spake properly, a downright parson——He's a Pope.

MOPSY.

You speak so learnedly, a body cannot understand you.

DIGGERY.

I have chang'd my pps, and qqs, I warrant you, since I was upon my travels—But to description the Pope to your pacity and bilities—the Pope is *infallable*.

MOPSY.

La, what's that?

DIGGERY.

There's for you, now—What, do you think *infallable* is it's French—I'll explanation it to your pacity—French for a conjuror; conjuror is English for a juggler, and juggler Italian for a man that plays tricks.

I

MOPSY.

M O P S Y.

What, the Pope is a witch?

D I G G E R Y.

As to the matter of witchcraft, you are right, and he is a roguish Catalick Papist.—Cross his hand, and he'll tell your fortune in this and the next world—He draws circles and casts figures, and is, as a sober man may say on his conscience, a dealer in the black art—*Mopsy*, something like the great Dr. Faustus.

M O P S Y.

What! like him at the statute, who swallowed case-knives, and drew fifty yards of green ferret from his mouth?—Come in, Mr. *Diggery*, there's Thomas, and John, and Cook, and Betty want to hear what you have seen; and the butler will draw a cork for you.

D I G G E R Y.

Right—I must have something to whet my whistle.—Seen, I' fakens, I have seen—I'll make some of their hair stand an end, I warrant you—what I have seen!—all the wonders of the universal creation.

M O P S Y.

Come, Mr. *Diggery*.

D I G G E R Y.

DIGGERY.

Mr. *Diggery*, he, he, he, how travelling pulls a body down, and sets it up by respectification.—I was just going to the Lion for a drop, *Mopsy*; no British spirit abroad—nothing like the Red Lion for spirit.—I'll take you at your word. Mr. *Diggery*, he, he, he. [*Walks consequentially out, Mopsy following.*]

S C E N E II.

A Room in Fossil's House.

Enter QUICK and MARGERY.

QUICK.

Now for a few attractives, to engage this repellent of love——'Gad, tho' she is as unpromising as a Lapland winter, I'll whisper in her ear a tender tale—December will relax, and the old maid flutter in all the fancied beauty of spring.—*Sharply*, now is your time—Love, and the expectation of a fortune, be your speed. [*Aside.*] [*To Margery.*] 'Tis the museum of museums, Madam.

MARGERY.

Yes, poor dear Brother *Sidrophel* has a vast pleasure in exhibiting the wonderful works of the
I 2 creation.

creation. — You see what a Noah's ark we have.

QUICK.

Yes, two and two, in connubial harmony, from the gnat to the elephant — In mimic life each has got his help-mate. — How comes it then that nature should have combined her perfections in vain — should have made all her beauties meet in one full-blown rose, which would tempt a youth, tho' he had hitherto laugh'd at the archery of Love, to pluck, and in raptures press to his bosom, for no other purpose but to bloom, to be admired, and to droop upon its maiden stem?

MARGERY.

Oh dear, Sir! he, he, he, — you put me to inexpressible confusion. — How charmingly he talks! [*Aside.*]

QUICK.

Who could have thought of meeting with the particular favourite of the Loves and Graces as cold as Diana to the entreaties of a thousand adorers, who must have fallen a sacrifice to virgin beauty. — 'Gad, an excellent antique. [*Aside.*]

MARGERY.

Oh, Sir.

QUICK.

QUICK.

Have you no Endymion, no Paris, no Troilus,
no Leander, no Phaon, no Mark Anthony?

MARGERY.

Mr. Anthony Litany, the Vicar, who died in
a decline — You perhaps have heard the reason;
but I could not prevent it — They do say, poor
man —

QUICK.

On your account, I am to understand. — How-
ever, he survived his senses. [*Aside.*] A piteous
case — Cou'd not powerful sympathy woo you
to compliance? — The turtle doves, which your
brother has placed in the endearing attitude of
billing and cooing behind the glass-cases, cou'd
they not persuade? — I admire his arrangement —
I see he has matched each beast and bird to its
proper mate, and not as in human life, given the
generous royal nature of the lion to be helpmate
to the ass, or tied the industrious bee to the lazy
drone. — In his museum he has observed a just
relation. — Give me leave, like the meddling
insect, to sip nectarium from the blush of spring,
whilst the unconscious flower heeds not the little
plunderer. [*Kisses her.*] It wou'd wither youth.
— An excellent antidote for the unruly passions.
[*Aside.*]

MARGERY.

MARGERY.

Oh, you make me blush so. [*Hides her face in seeming confusion.*]

QUICK.

Let not an envious cloud hide the blushing goddess from mine eyes.

MARGERY.

What sweet expressions!

QUICK.

A blush! ha, ha, it is perennial, proceeding from the chaste spirit of Wapping.—I have spent my shafts—have no more food for maiden antiquity.—Once more. [*Aside.*] The lustre of that eye—the dimples on those cheeks—that face—I am cut short—damn the face beyond the powers of description, and a striking example what a passion nature was in when she formed it.

MARGERY.

Yes, poor dear Mamma, it was just her way.—Miss *Margery Fossil*, I do love to see you smile, it gives a liveliness to your eyes, and deepens the dimples in your cheeks,—Yes, poor dear soul, that was the way with Mamma.

QUICK.

She did not venture upon the chin—It looks like a blighted field, which promises but half

half a crop. [*Aside.*] Indeed, Mamma was right.

M A R G E R Y.

Then she spar'd no expence in my education ; poor dear woman ; she carried me to London for improvement, and took care I should be in polite company — We went to see the bears and lions in the Tower.

Q U I C K.

Indeed !

M A R G E R Y.

Yes, and to Sadler's-Wells too. — There was something so pretty and sentimental in the slack-rope and the tight-rope, the slack-wire and the tight-wire. — Indeed, there is nothing like a London education.

Q U I C K.

Very true, Madam, and such excellent morality conveyed to the understanding by a nod of the head, and a pretty nestling action of the body, are equally as wonderful.

M A R G E R Y.

O yes, indeed it was charming, and the little Devil did so divert us — he's a charming man.

QUICK.

A man of great abilities, Madam.—Permit me, thou——

Enter SERVANT.

Madam *Margery*, we are all ruined—such a thing—guide us—

MARGERY.

What's the matter?

SERVANT.

Young Mistress is run off as sure as a gun, with a willen, Madam *Margery*, a willen.—I' fakens I saw Parson Genesis carry them up to the reading desk, I warrant you about no good—I saw him put his spectacles on, and open his great book.

MARGERY.

Oh, dear me, the slut—Assassination! murder! thieves! conspiracies! rapes!—here, Brother *Sidrophel*, all ruined! all undone!

QUICK.

In the church! the fellow's mad!—The hell-hounds of the law will be upon us, for running away with an Heiress. [*Aside.*] I must gag this veteran, or we are blown to the devil. [*Runs up, and catches Margery in his arms.*] Let me intreat——

SERVANT.

THE TRAVELLERS.

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SERVANT.

A plague on him—Poor Madam *Margery* will not die a maid yet.—Here, John, William, Maister *Fossil*, help, help. [*Exit running.*]

MARGERY.

Oh dear, sweet Sir, I faint.—This cordial—
[*Drinks.*]

QUICK.

Madam, I see the ladies cordial is of true British extraction.

Enter FOSSIL, in the Dress of an old Roman; Sir DOGBERRY DIDDLE, SQUABBLE, and BENEFICE, armed with various Curiosities of the Museum.

FOSSIL.

I see how it is—the fate of *Lucretia*!—Here's an opening for Roman valour—Oh for a *Brutus*, a *Collatinus*.—Gentlemen, form yourselves into a compact square, like the *Macedonian Phalanx*, and block up the avenues of retreat. [*They all crowd to the door.*] Now, Nephew *Diddle*, rescue maiden chastity and innocence, your Aunt *Margery*, from that *Tarquin*.

Sir DOGBERRY.

Arrah, my dear Uncle, I will order Tutor *Benefice* to run him through the body.

K

BENEFICE.

B E N E F I C E.

Oh, Sir, you know I never fight—mine is a peaceable profession.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

Come on. [*Runs round the stage with the utmost caution, parrying awkwardly.*]

Q U I C K.

Sir, you would not draw upon a man unarmed.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

There's generalship now, dear intimate friend, to attack the enemy when he cannot do you a mischief.—Come on.

M A R G E R Y.

Nephew *Diddle*, forbear, the man's a gentleman—a worthy gentleman—a well-spoken gentleman.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

So much the worse, Aunt, I would have butchered him to have given you pleasure.

F O S S I L.

Sister, what's the matter?

Q U I C K.

Nothing, Sir, only the lady has had a fainting fit.

M A R G E R Y.

M A R G E R Y.

Oh yes—this cordial—[*Drinks.*]

F O S S I L.

But what is the cause of this violent outcry?

M A R G E R Y.

Brother *Sidrophel*, I thought this museum would be the ruin of us all.

F O S S I L.

Has the cook done any more mischief?

M A R G E R Y.

Your Daughter *Maria*—

F O S S I L.

My Daughter *Maria*!—What broken Catiline's urn, and scattered the precious ashes on the ground!—Oh, my ashes, my ashes!—Strongly suppos'd to have been the genuine ashes of that illustrious conspirator.

M A R G E R Y.

Mrs. Catiline's ashes have ruined us—Your Daughter *Maria*—You, a Fellow of the Royal Society—A foolish fellow you are—Did I not tell you the consequence?

F O S S I L. . . .

Tell me! Maiden Sister, tell a fig's end. What's all this mewing and squalling about?

M A R G E R Y. K 2 M A R G E R Y.

M A R G E R Y.

There's spite—I tell you, your daughter's married to somebody worfe than nobody.

F O S S I L.

Married! where, how, to whom?—'Tis fornication, no marriage—Oh, my museum, my museum!—Pray fend he be a naturalist—Grant he be an antiquarian.—This comes of your negligence, Maiden Sifter.

M A R G E R Y.

There again—you ill-natured, crabbed, good-for-nothing, you.—I hope this son-in-law will rid our house of vermin; exercise the minuet-step in your museum—I am glad on't.

F O S S I L.

Such a step would kill me.—Mercy on us, that old maids should have no taste for antiquity.

M A R G E R Y.

Old maids!—yes, you are a black man.

F O S S I L.

Pshaw—my museum totters to its fall—The collection of generations sinks in my daughter's generation—Protect it, Guardian Powers, from officers upon half-pay, and gentlemen on no pay at all.

M A R G E R Y.

M A R G E R Y.

Did I not tell you?—Yes, Mr. Genesis married them.—Did I not tell you, noodlehead, he would do you a mischief?—What business had you to dispute his right to small tythes?

F O S S I L.

I insist he has no right—What! the tenth pig, the tenth hen, and, I'cod, her tenth egg; tenth potatoe, tenth turnip, tenth cabbage, and then he tells me the claim is as old as Moses.—He's a chip of Satan—they had neither cabbage or potatoe in the wilderness.

M A R G E R Y.

Now you put yourself into a hot boiling passion, and then you always talk to me about it.

F O S S I L.

I have a right to be in a passion, I will be in a passion—Marry my Daughter *Maria*!—He may take tythe of the marriage, and educate her children for the ease of his flock.—Marry my daughter!—I'll have him executed without benefit of clergy.

Enter SHARPLY in a hurry; meets Fossil.

Mr. *Fossil*—Gentlemen, I am sorry—

F O S S I L.

Yes, Sir, and I am sorry, damned sorry.—Pray, have you married my daughter, Sir?

SHARPLY.

No, on honour.

FOSSIL.

Is the rascal a naturalist or antiquarian, do you know?

SHARPLY.

I understand, Sir, he's a gentleman of the sword; his abilities extend to the pulling of a trigger, and his fortune consists in the sum total of an half-pay officer.

FOSSIL.

There's for you — the horrors of war in my museum — Knows nothing of Rome, Greece, Athens, Sparta, Alexander, Hannibal, or Cæsar.

MARGERY.

He's a cannibal, Brother *Sidrophel*.

SHARPLY.

I am afraid an army list comprises the whole of his learning, and his knowledge of antiquity consists in the bloody battles that have been fought by the veterans of his company. — I am told he turns a toe, and goes one, two, three in a minuet-step delightfully.

Enter

Enter CHARLES MANLY *and* MARIA,

FOSSIL,

You have married my daughter, Sir.—Minx, you must now learn to live upon half-pay.

CHARLES.

Where contentment dwells, Sir, a little will suffice to make the reasonable happy.

FOSSIL.

How are you to live, daughter?

MARGERY.

Yes, flut, you will feel the difference.

MARIA.

If you think, Father, I ever proposed to derive to myself happiness solely from the possession of a fortune, you may ask me the question.—I have always looked upon it as a small ingredient in the real happiness of mankind.—Industry will supply our wants, though you withhold your protection.

CHARLES.

My dear *Maria*, ask not your father for support—Heaven has kindly bestowed the means on all—Let us prove to the world that happiness will dwell in the humble cot, though she flies the habitation of the rich, glittering in all the vain ostentation of eastern parade. [*Going.*]

FOSSIL.

F O S S I L.

The young rogue has been studying stoicism—could feast on a root with Diogenes in his tub, with as much satisfaction as with the Mayor and Aldermen of an over-grown corporation on a turtle—I like this now.—'Gad, he has the coolness of a Zeno, and the humility of a Cincinnatus. A word with you.

C H A R L E S.

[*To Quick and Sharply.*] I beg you will immediately quit the room.

Q U I C K.

We do not understand your meaning.

C H A R L E S.

It is then, sycophants, that the sword never hangs an useless ornament, to disgrace the side of a British officer. [*Draws.*]

F O S S I L.

E'cod, excellent—Spartan action.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

Is the gentleman in earnest? [*Gets behind Benefice, Benefice behind Squabble, and Squabble behind the table.*] Fight him, Tutor *Benefice*.

B E N E F I C E.

No, on honour; know neither carte nor tierce—mine is a peaceful profession.—Your second, if you will.

Sir

Sir DOGBERRY.

I'll oblige you with my sword, Mr. *Squabble*.

SQUABBLE.

He's a dangerous villain—I could not be so impolite as contend with a gentleman in his own way of business.

QUICK.

Smoak'd!—I am off, damme.

SHARPLY.

We shall appoint time and place.

MARGERY.

Indeed, the gentleman does not behave well to the Count and Sir Theobald.

Sir DOGBERRY.

Men of such universal learning, now.

CHARLES.

Learning! — two needy sycophants—I know them well—who, disgracing human nature, seek to stab the peace of a father, and blast the happiness of his child.

FOSSIL.

This is glorious.—Could a Leonidas, an Achilles, an Ajax, a Brutus do more?

MARGERY.

He is a brute, Brother *Sidrophel*.

L

Sir

Sir DOGBERRY.

Arrah, are not these two gentlemen, dear Uncle, going to publish?

QUICK.

Oh yes, you shall certainly have the first impression, be assured, of it. [*Exeunt Quick and Sharply.*]

BENEFICE.

Impression!—they have made a sad impression on my pocket.—Know nothing of the kraaken!

CHARLES.

The fact is, they have taken you all in.

SQUABBLE.

We are all out, I find—Damn his Theodolite, he has taken the exact dimensions of my purse.

FOSSIL.

I am glad on't—be thank'd—glad on't—I shall yet immortalize my name.

MARIA.

My dear Father, can you blame me for acting contrary to your inclination, when my happiness was to have been the sacrifice?

F O S S I L.

This *Manly* is as like a Spartan as one bean is to another—they were soldiers to a man——would he but preserve my museum.

M A R I A.

A father's authority, weighed against the peace of his child, is a feather in the scale——An extravagant law, contending against reason and the dictates of the heart.——Had Mr. *Manly* been an exceptionable character, you might have condemned me.——Want of fortune is no crime.

F O S S I L.

If he but preserve my museum——Come hither, children. [*They walk apart.*]

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

How am I to marry Cousin *Maria* now, Mr. *Squabble*?

S Q U A B B L E.

By running that gentleman thro' the body.

B E N E F I C E.

I am your man for a second.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

Oh, that's the place I like myself now, or a third, or a fourth, or a fifth.—Tutor *Benefice* will take it up for his pupil.

L 2

B E N E F I C E.

B E N E F I C E.

On honour, never go farther than measuring the ground, contending, that the noun-substantive, your offence, was coupled with a saving *if*, and insisting on shaking hands and making it up.—No, on honour, 'tis against the canons of the church.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

The devil burn me, I thought it was against something now, I felt I did not stomach venturing my dear life to be murdered.—Hah, my joys, you will not see Sir *Dogberry* fight against cannons.

FOSSIL, MARGERY, CHARLES, *and* MARIA
come forward.

F O S S I L.

I am to educate the first child as I please—he shall be an antiquarian from his cradle—so like his grandfather.—Nephew *Diddle*, you see how it is—*Maria* is married—'tis too late to forbid the banns.

Sir D O G B E R R Y.

The gentleman, my new-made cousin there, is very welcome to the lady.

C H A R L E S.

I thank you, Sir; you seem easily reconciled—I had an idea we should have measured swords upon the occasion.

Sir DOGBERRY.

Not at all at all now—you are very obliging,
Sir.

CHARLES.

I have observed, since I had the pleasure of being introduced to you, you were more inclinable to peace than war.

Sir DOGBERRY.

Naturally.

CHARLES.

The first of your country I ever heard of.—I boast of the same origin as yourself, and, in justice to Ireland, cannot omit observing, that where either oppression or honour has called her sons into the field, not one ever shrunk from the arm of his antagonist.

FOSSIL.

A true Spartan—Come along children.—Sister, we will have Tom Twangdillo to-night.—Yes, the brattling shall be so like his grandfather. [*Going.*]

Sir DOGBERRY.

I wish Cousin *Maria* and you, Sir, all the happiness in the nation.

CHARLES.

C H A R L E S.

Accept our thanks most sincerely.—If mutual attachment, and two hearts united by the tenderest ties of affection, can promise short-sighted mortals any thing, they will ensure happiness to us.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

* * * The Author cannot omit this opportunity of thus publicly returning his thanks to Mr. HERIOT, for the manner in which he read the production that is now humbly submitted to the candid judgment of the world. The claims which that Gentleman has upon the favour of the Public are *various and great*.

His *Public Readings* wanted only to be known to lay the foundation of lasting fame;—and friendship and gratitude now prompt the Author to wish that an opportunity may speedily arise of bringing those talents forth, which want only to be known, to be generally respected.